



VALOR™

END
OF AN
ERA
PART 2 OF 6



BUSIEK
DORAN
COOPER

END OF AN ERA

PART TWO:

THE CENTER CANNOT HOLD!

THE SEBASTOPOL DOME-- IT'S BREAKING AWAY!

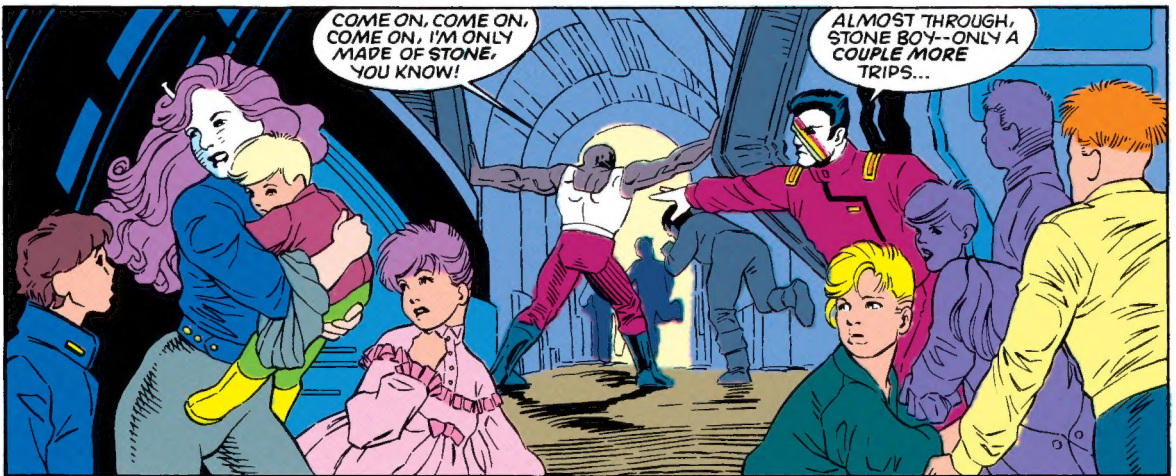
MY NAME IS VALOR.

I'M A MEMBER OF THE LEGION OF SUPER-HEROES, A BAND OF THIRTIETH CENTURY ADVENTURERS INSPIRED BY THE EXPLOITS OF THE GREATEST YOUNG HERO OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY-- IMPULSE.

NO, WAIT A MINUTE. THAT'S NOT RIGHT.

WRITER: KURT BUSIEK
PENCILLER: COLLEEN DORAN
INKER: DAVE COOPER
LETTERER: BOB PINAHA
COLORIST: DAVE GRAFE
ASSISTANT EDITOR:
MIKE McAVENNIE
EDITOR: KC CARLSON

MARK WAID AND TOM McCRAW, SPOTTERS

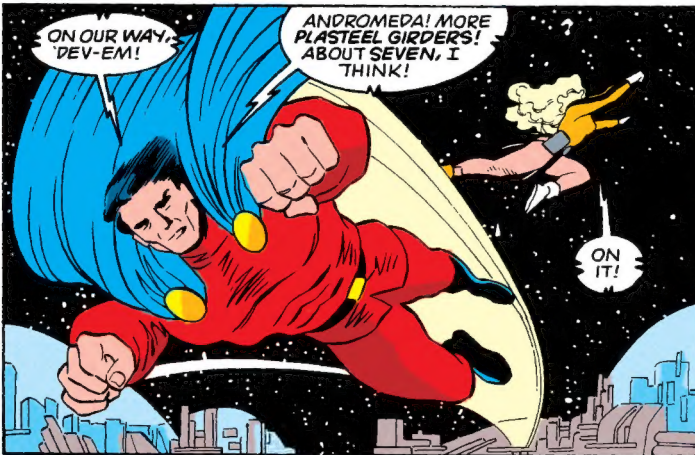




MY NAME IS VALOR.
ACTUALLY, IT'S LAR
GAND, BUT THEY
CALL ME VALOR.

I'M FROM THE
PLANET DAXAM.

I COULD USE
A HAND OVER
HERE! THE
STRUCTURAL
CORE'S
WEAKENING!



ON OUR WAY,
'DEV-EM!

ANDROMEDA! MORE
PLASTEEL GIRDERS!
ABOUT SEVEN, I
THINK!

ON
IT!



I WAS ACCIDENTALLY THROWN INTO THE
SUSPENSION DIMENSION A MILLENNIUM
AGO, AND WAS TRAPPED THERE...



WE'RE ALL
GONNA DIE!
OH, GOD, OH,
GOD--

MOMMY?
A-ARE WE--

--I DON'
WANNA
DIE!

BLOODY
GRIFE!
SHADY...?!

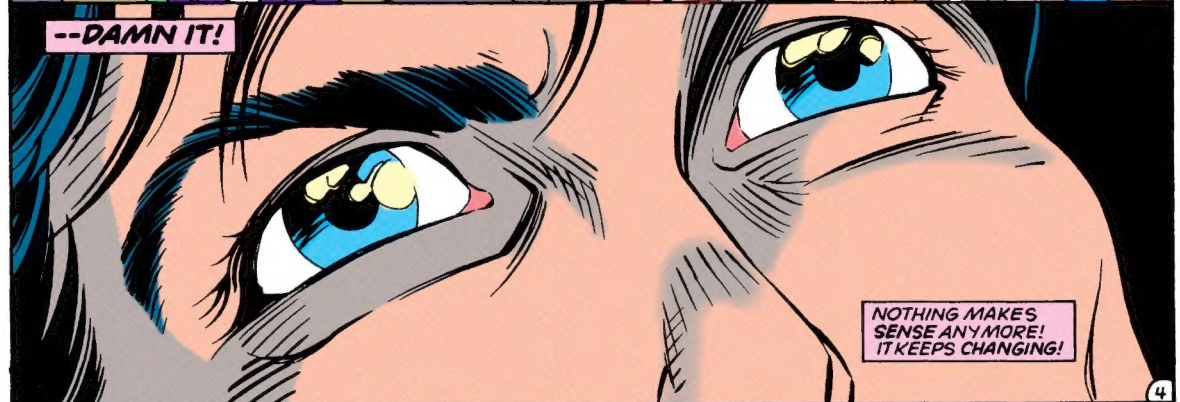
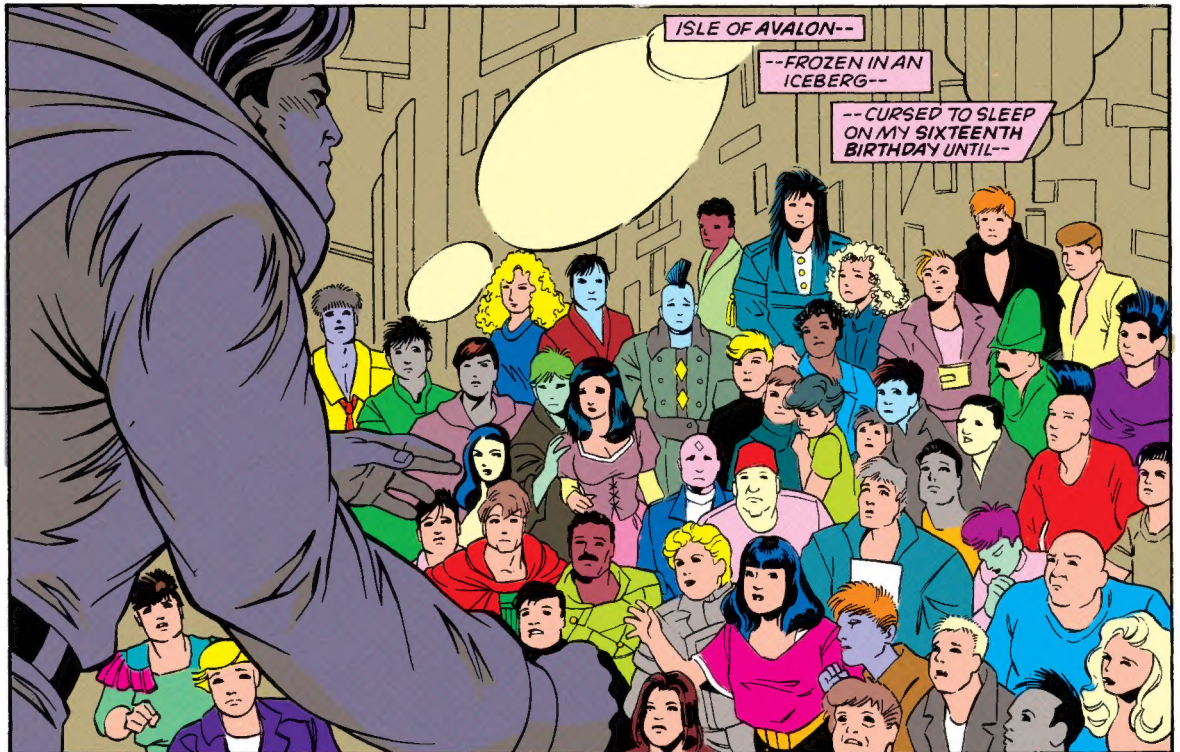
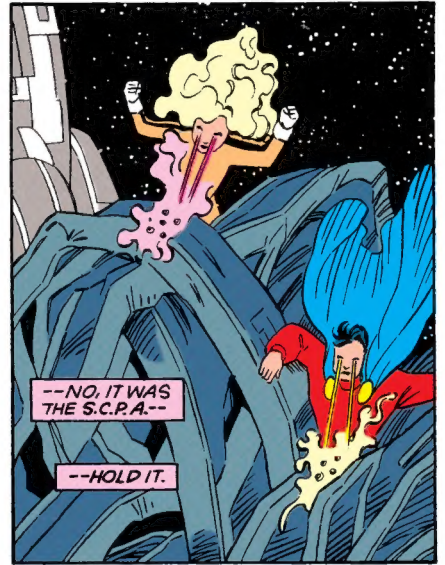
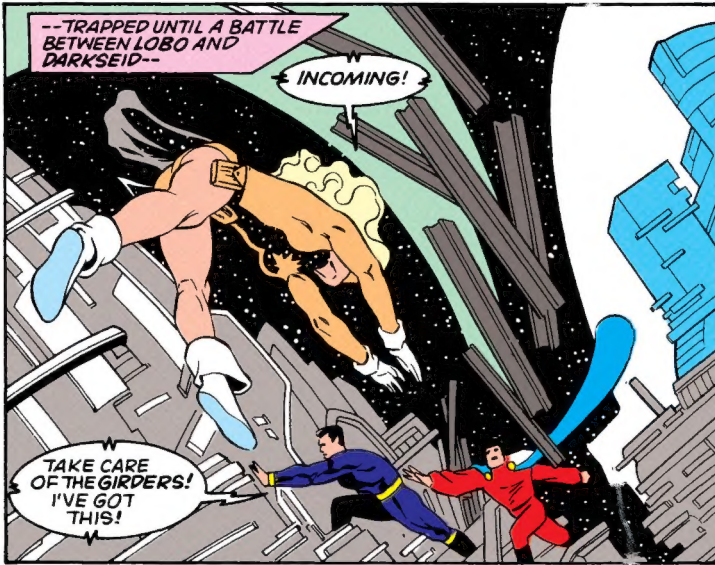


CALM DOWN, PEOPLE.
RELAX.

LET YOUR
FEARS FADE INTO
THE SHADOWS...
THAT'S IT...

LIKE A
SEDATIVE,
THAT
FEM...

ESNIFE





I'M VALOR. THESE ARE MY FRIENDS. HERE'S THE DEAL:

NEW EARTH IS BREAKING UP-- GRAVITATIONAL STRESS. OLD EARTH BLEW UP, THOUGH I CAN'T REMEMBER WHY ANYMORE.

WHAT I DO KNOW IS THAT WE'VE GOT A CHANCE TO SAVE IT--



--THANKS TO ONE VERY DETERMINED MAN.

IS IT REALLY YOU, SIR? IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE--

NO TIME FOR REUNIONS NOW, LAD. MAYBE LATER, IF WE'RE LUCKY.

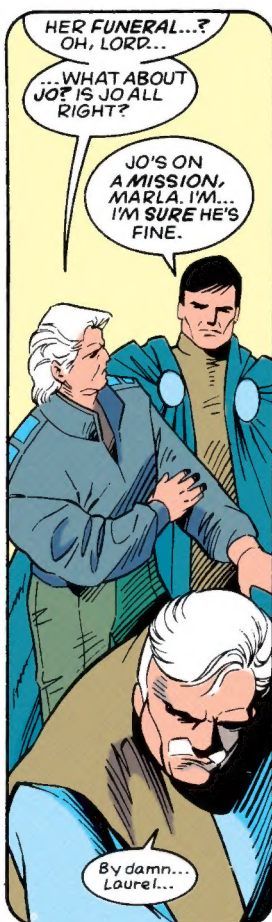


R.J. BRANDE NEVER WAS ONE FOR SMALL TALK.

THE MESSAGE I SENT ASKED YOU TO BRING LAUREL GAND, TOO. WHERE IS SHE?

Uh, sir... WE... WE JUST CAME FROM HER FUNERAL.*

*LEGIONNAIRES #17.



HER FUNERAL...? OH, LORD...

...WHAT ABOUT JO? IS JO ALL RIGHT?

JO'S ON A MISSION, MARLA. I'M... I'M SURE HE'S FINE.

By damn... Laurel...



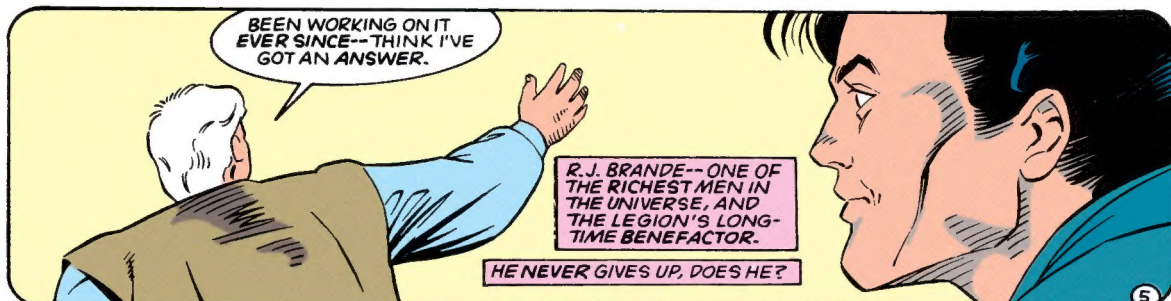
SIR...?

...HMMM? OH... YES, RIGHT...

...BEEN BUSY. SAW THIS TROUBLE WITH NEW EARTH COMING SINCE DAY ONE.*

THE STRUCTURES ARE JUST TOO OLD, TOO DECAYED.

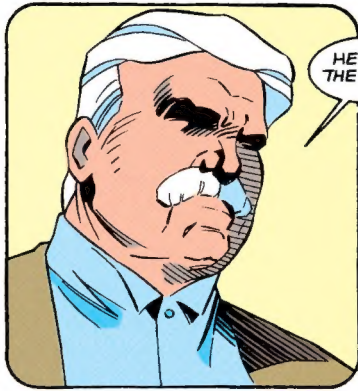
*LEGION #38.



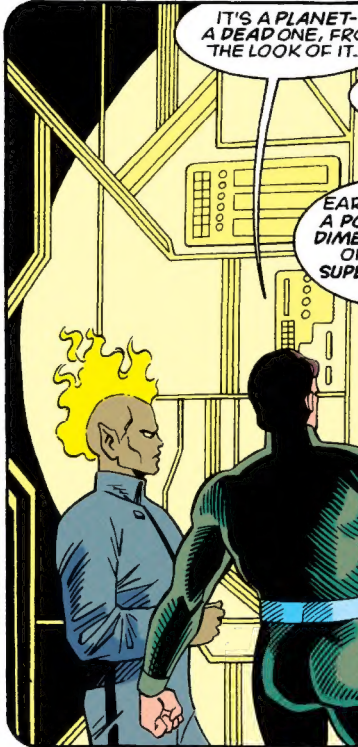
BEEN WORKING ON IT EVER SINCE--THINK I'VE GOT AN ANSWER.

R.J. BRANDE--ONE OF THE RICHEST MEN IN THE UNIVERSE, AND THE LEGION'S LONG-TIME BENEFACTOR.

HE NEVER GIVES UP, DOES HE?



HERE'S
THE KEY.

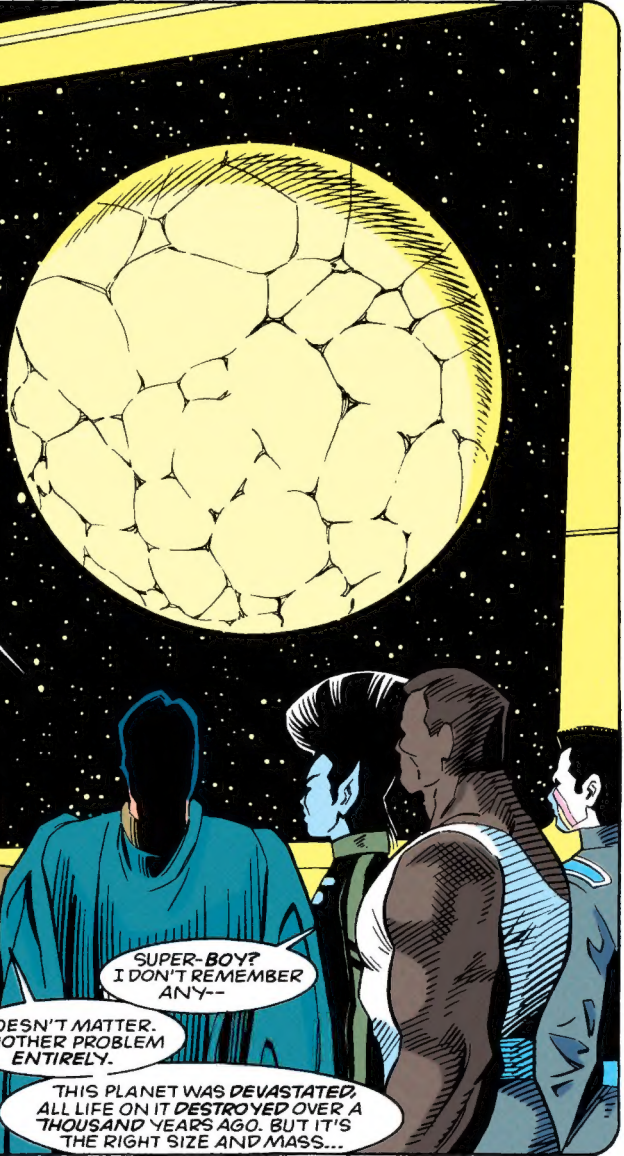


IT'S A PLANET--
A DEAD ONE, FROM
THE LOOK OF IT.

I'VE SEEN
IT BEFORE...

...IT'S
EARTH.

EARTH FROM
A POCKET
DIMENSION--THE
ONE THAT
SUPERBOY CAME
FROM.



SUPER-BOY?
I DON'T REMEMBER
ANY--

DOESN'T MATTER.
ANOTHER PROBLEM
ENTIRELY.

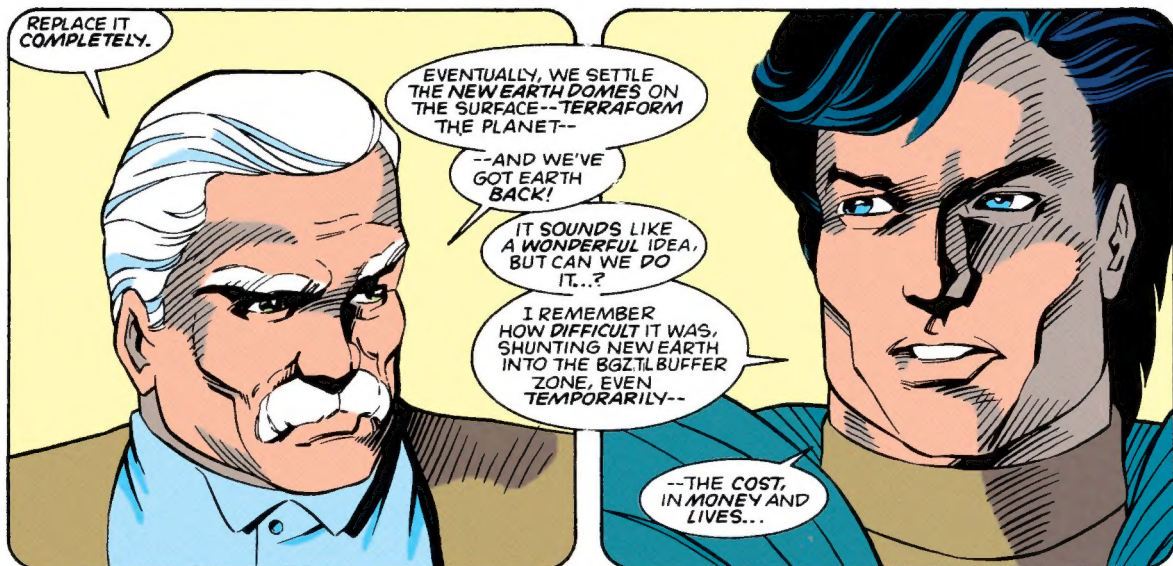
THIS PLANET WAS DEVASTATED.
ALL LIFE ON IT DESTROYED OVER A
THOUSAND YEARS AGO. BUT IT'S
THE RIGHT SIZE AND MASS...



...WE BRING IT INTO PLACE
AND IT'LL PROVIDE GRAVITY
FOCUS. THEN WE STABILIZE
NEW EARTH AS AN ORBITAL
STATION AROUND IT.



YOU'RE SAYING WE PUT
THIS EARTH WHERE THE
OLD EARTH WAS--
JUST REPLACE IT?





BY THE TIME WE GET THERE, BRANDE'S AT THE SPACE PLATFORM. HIS TEAM HAS THINGS SET UP, JUST AS HE'D PROMISED.

HIS "TEAM." COMPUTO--

HI, GUYS. WE'RE IN FINAL COUNTDOWN HERE...

TAKATAKATA



...WON'T BE A SECOND.

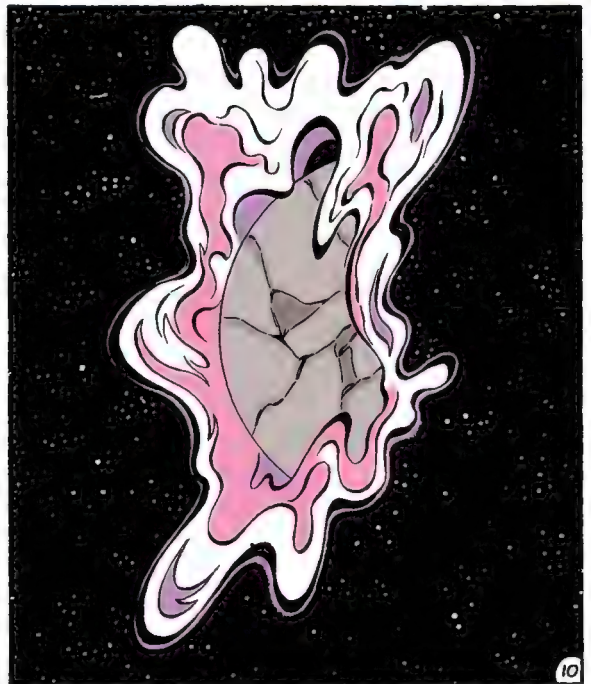
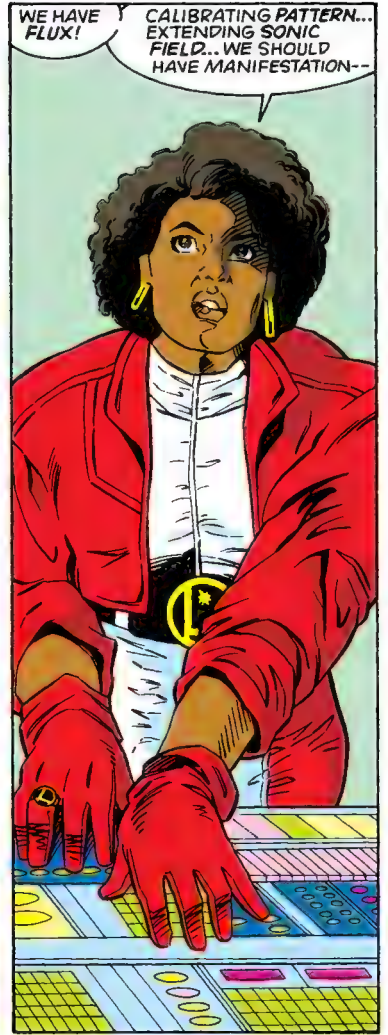


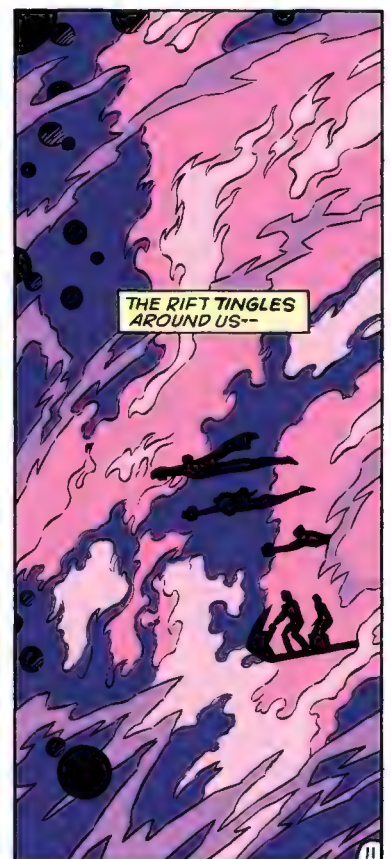
--AND TROY, EX-LEGIONNAIRE. CURRENT PRESIDENT OF NEW EARTH.

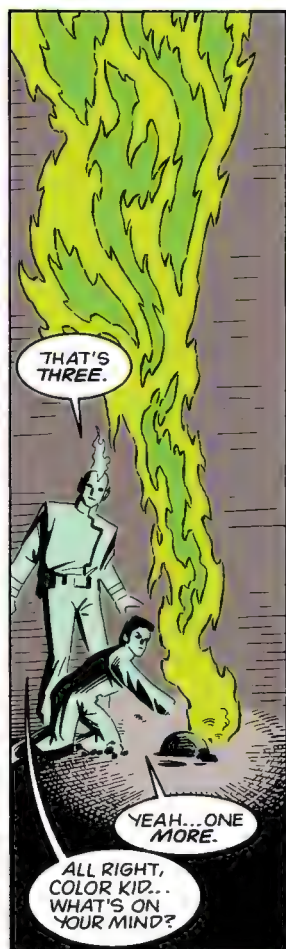
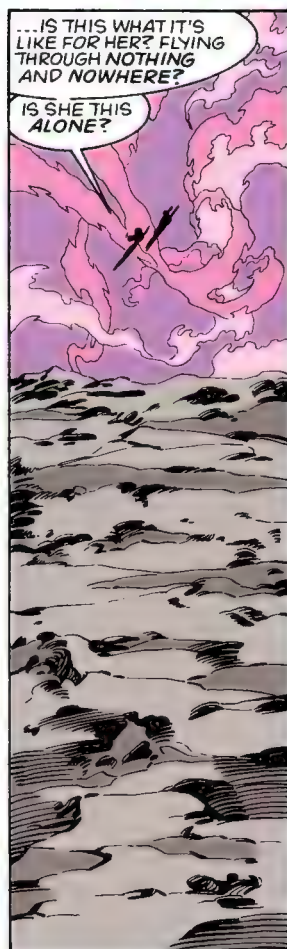
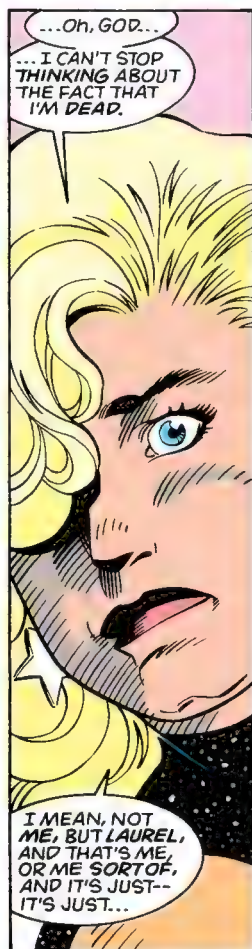
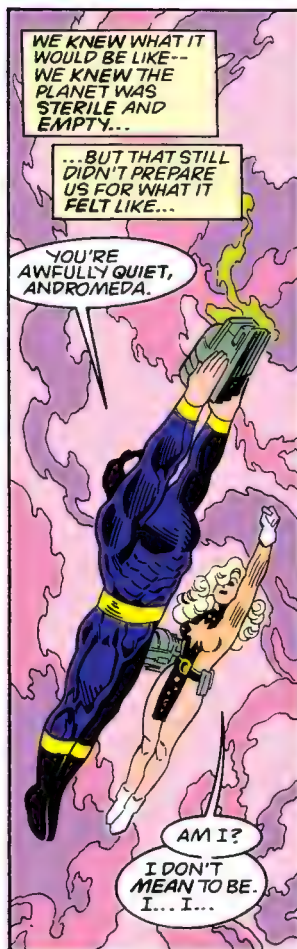
SO...HOW DO I LOOK?

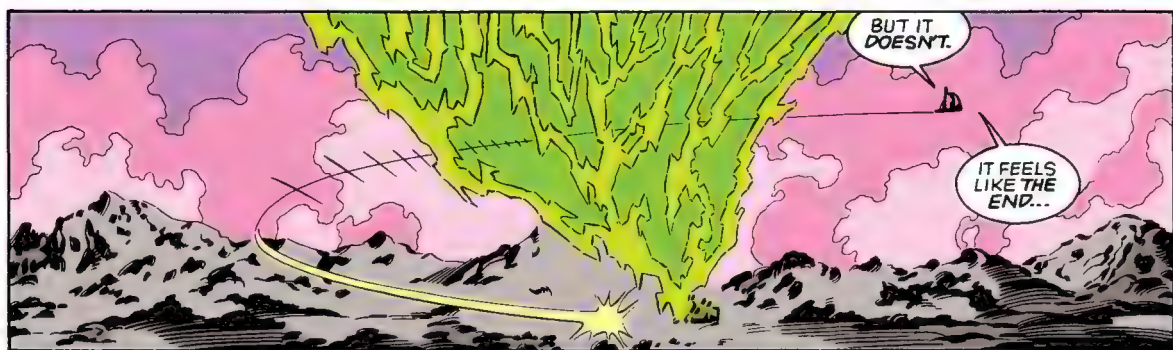
AS TYROC, HIS POWER WAS TO CREATE REALITY-TWISTING SONIC PATTERNS.

HE HASN'T DONE MUCH OF THAT RECENTLY...



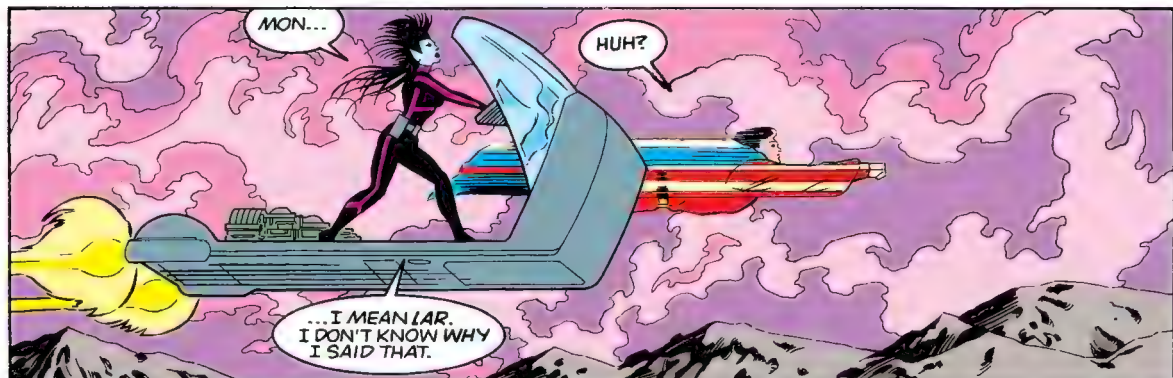






BUT IT DOESN'T.

IT FEELS LIKE THE END...



MON...

HUH?

...I MEAN LAR.
I DON'T KNOW WHY
I SAID THAT.

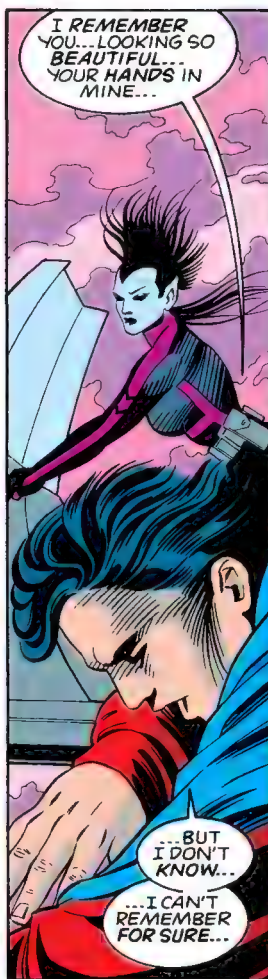


THIS IS GOING TO SOUND STUPID, BUT...

...I HAVE THIS FEELING, AND...

...ARE WE, UM...

...MARRIED?



I REMEMBER YOU...LOOKING SO BEAUTIFUL...
YOUR HANDS IN MINE...

...BUT I DON'T KNOW...

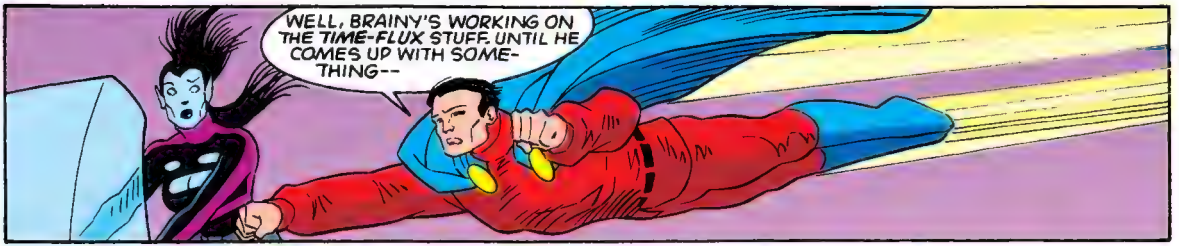
...I CAN'T REMEMBER FOR SURE...

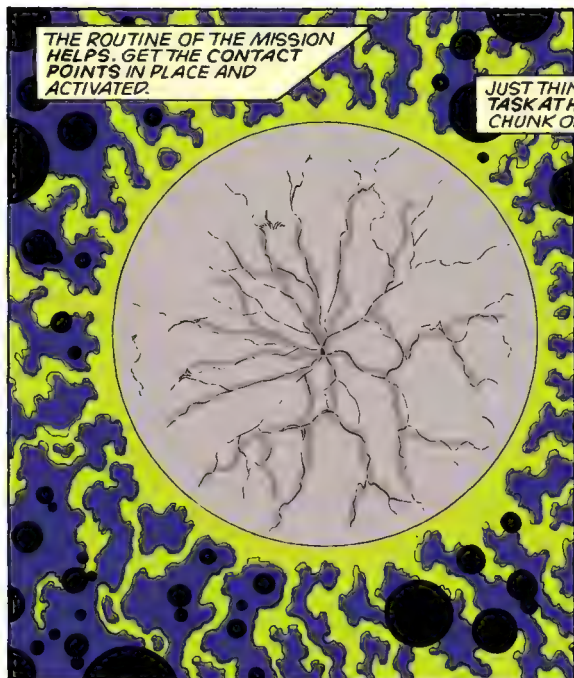


HOW CAN WE DO THIS?!

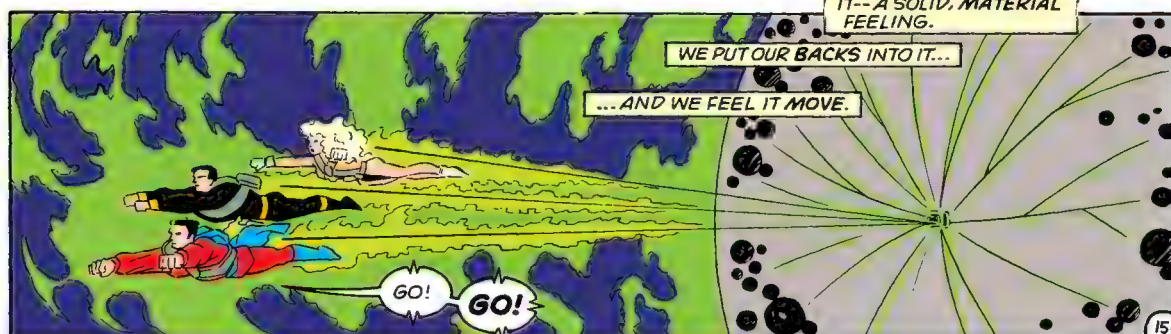
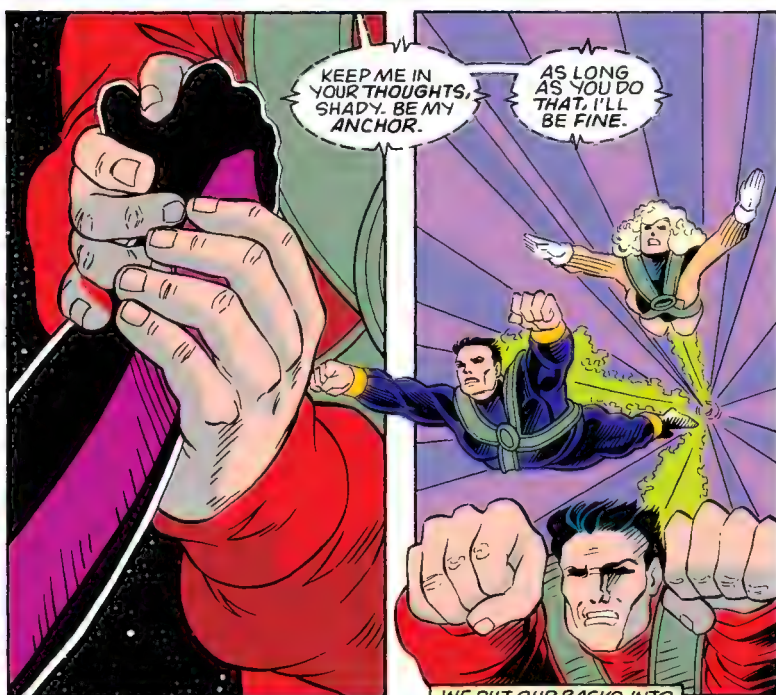
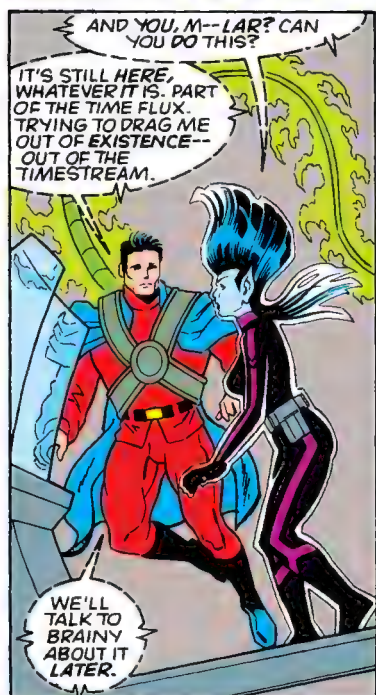
HOW CAN WE BE HAULING AROUND A CHUNK OF ROCK WHEN TIME--REALITY, LIFE AS A WHOLE -- IS FALLING APART AROUND US?!

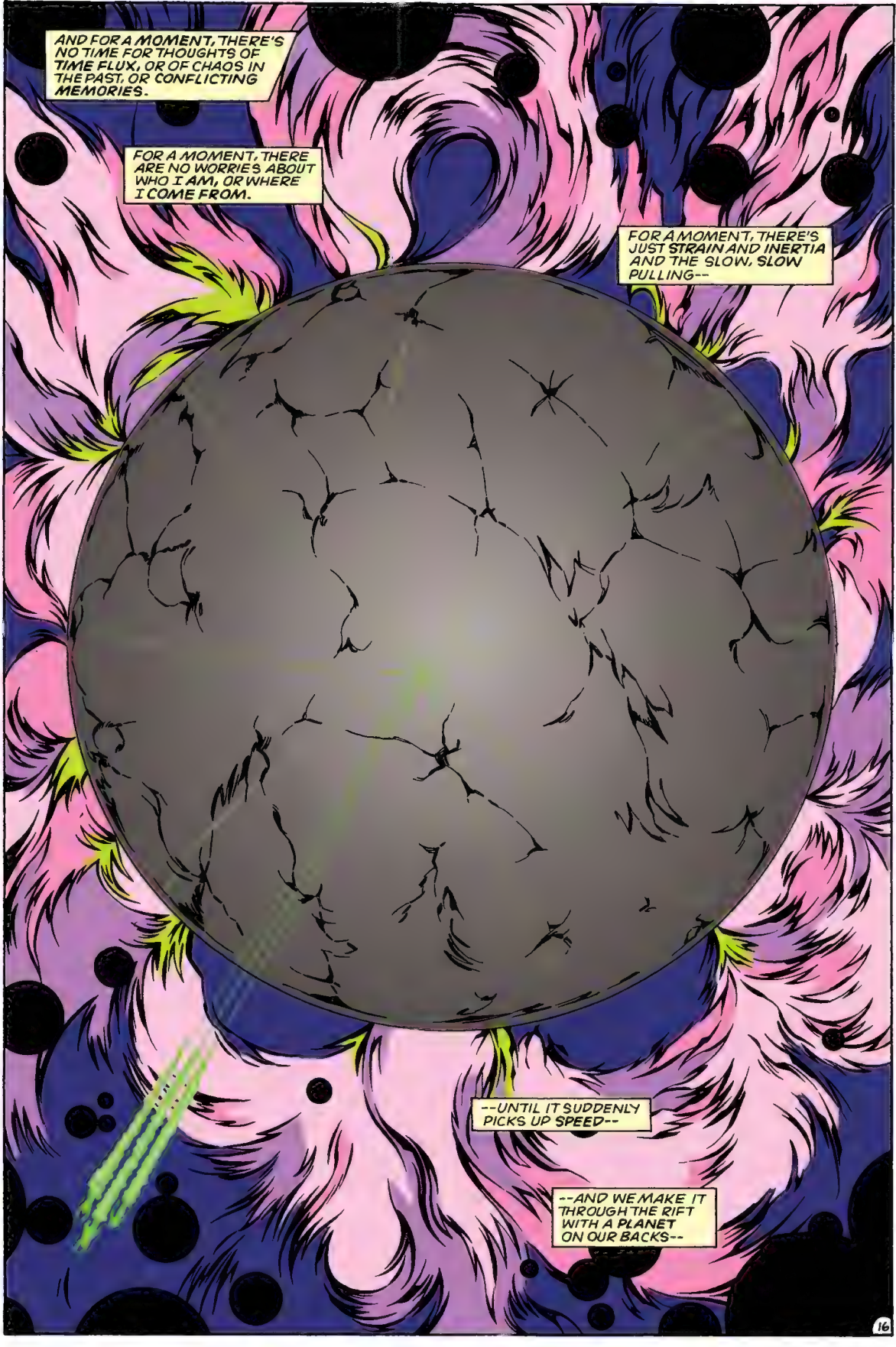
A CHUNK OF ROCK!





JUST THINK OF THE TASK AT HAND. THE CHUNK OF ROCK.





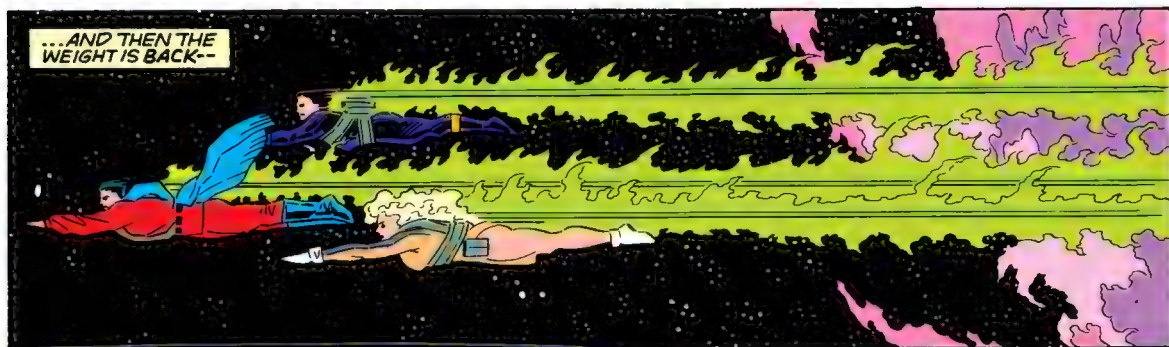
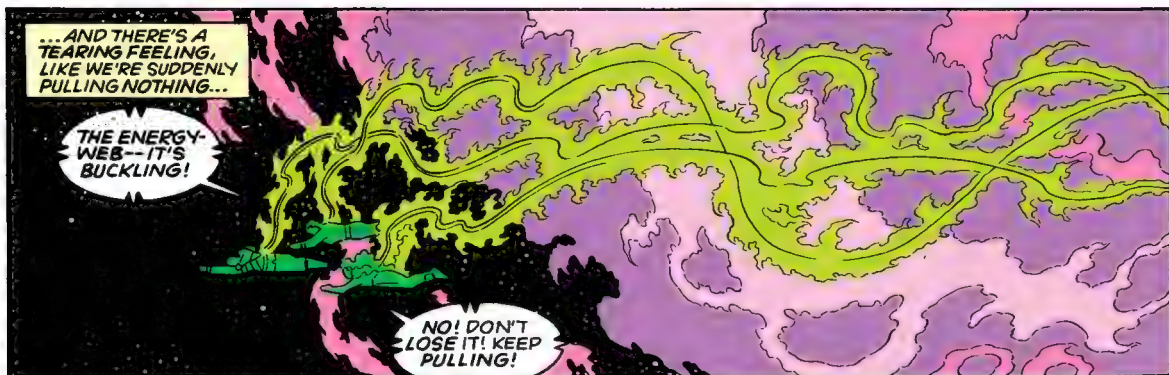
AND FOR A MOMENT, THERE'S
NO TIME FOR THOUGHTS OF
TIME FLUX, OR OF CHAOS IN
THE PAST, OR CONFLICTING
MEMORIES.

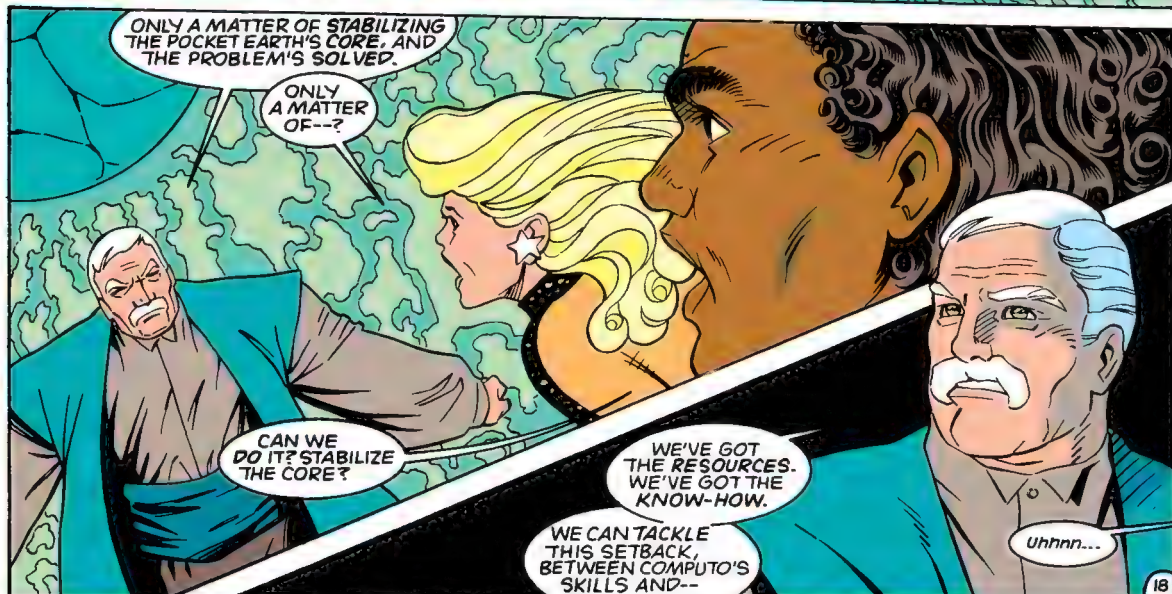
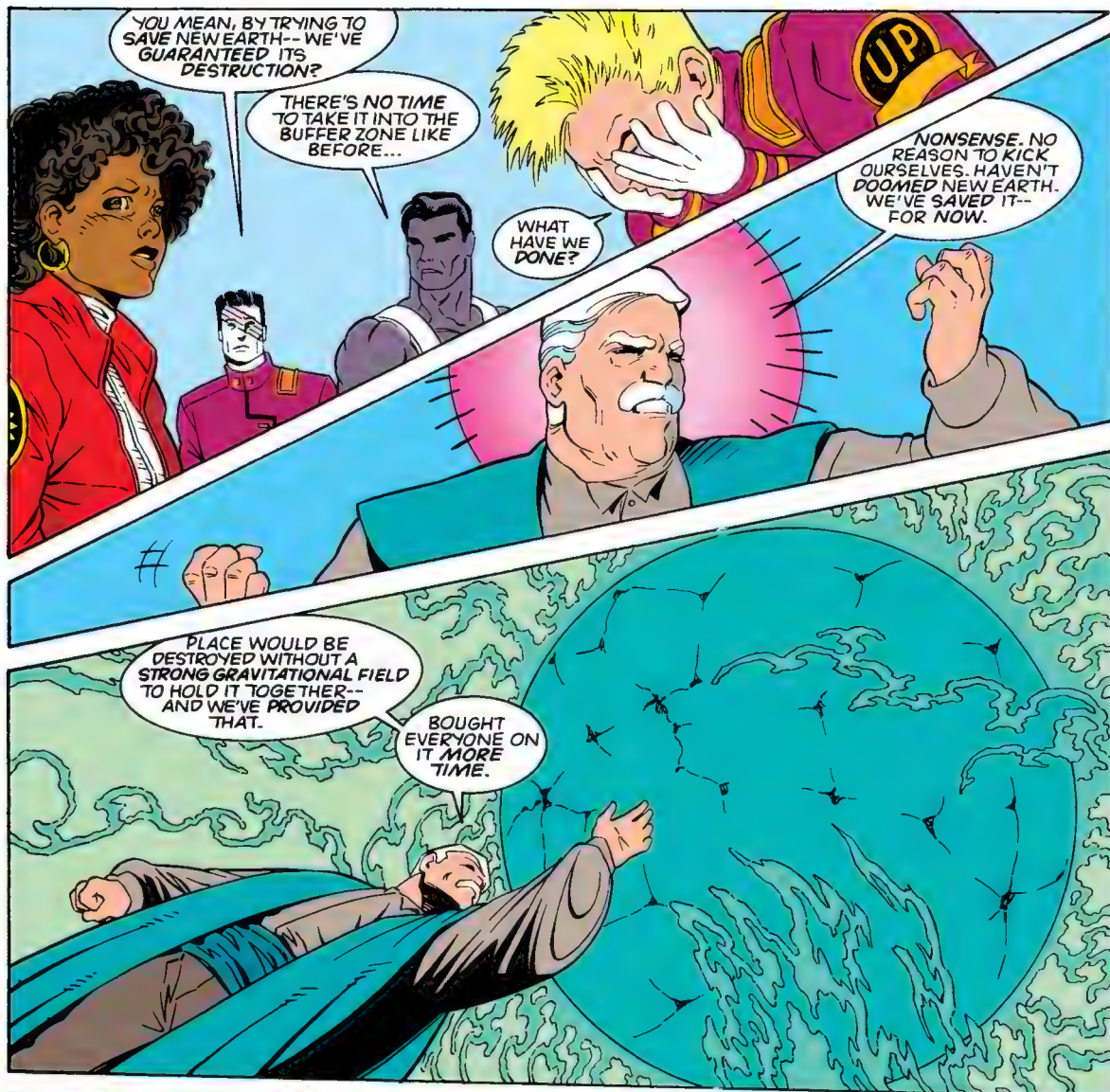
FOR A MOMENT, THERE
ARE NO WORRIES ABOUT
WHO I AM, OR WHERE
I COME FROM.

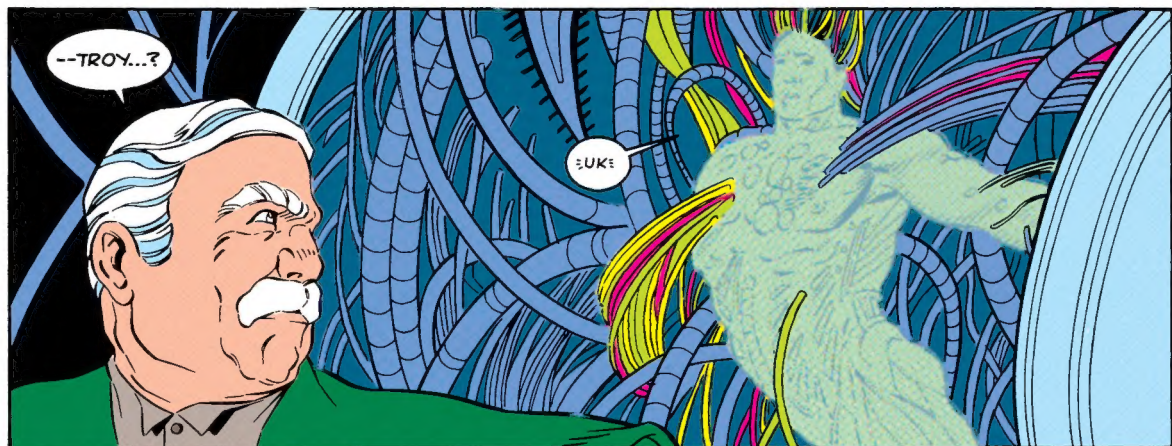
FOR A MOMENT, THERE'S
JUST STRAIN AND INERTIA
AND THE SLOW, SLOW
PULLING--

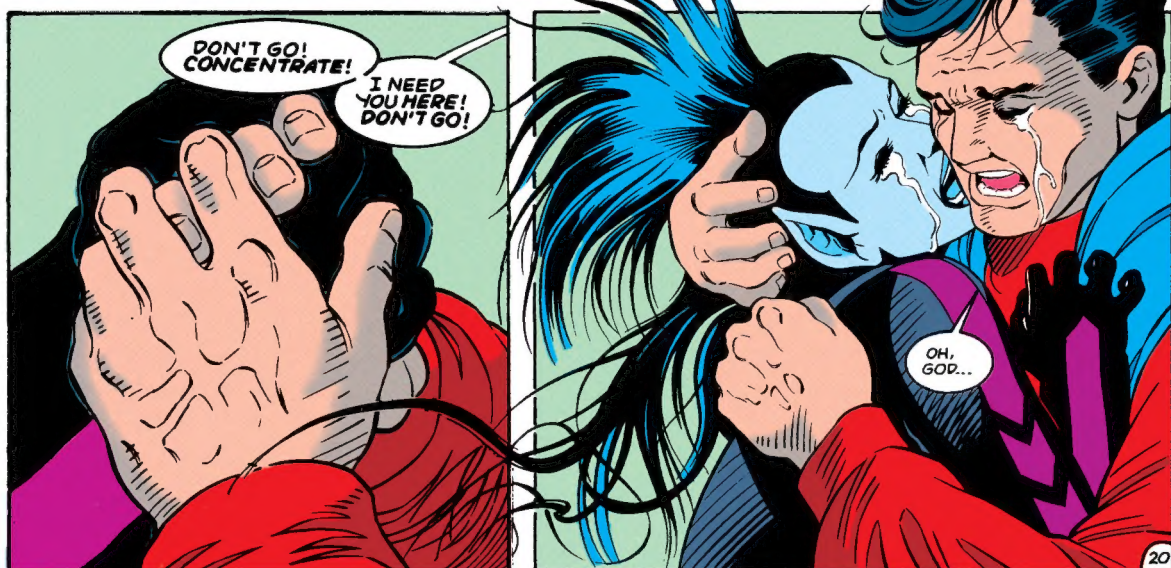
--UNTIL IT SUDDENLY
PICKS UP SPEED--

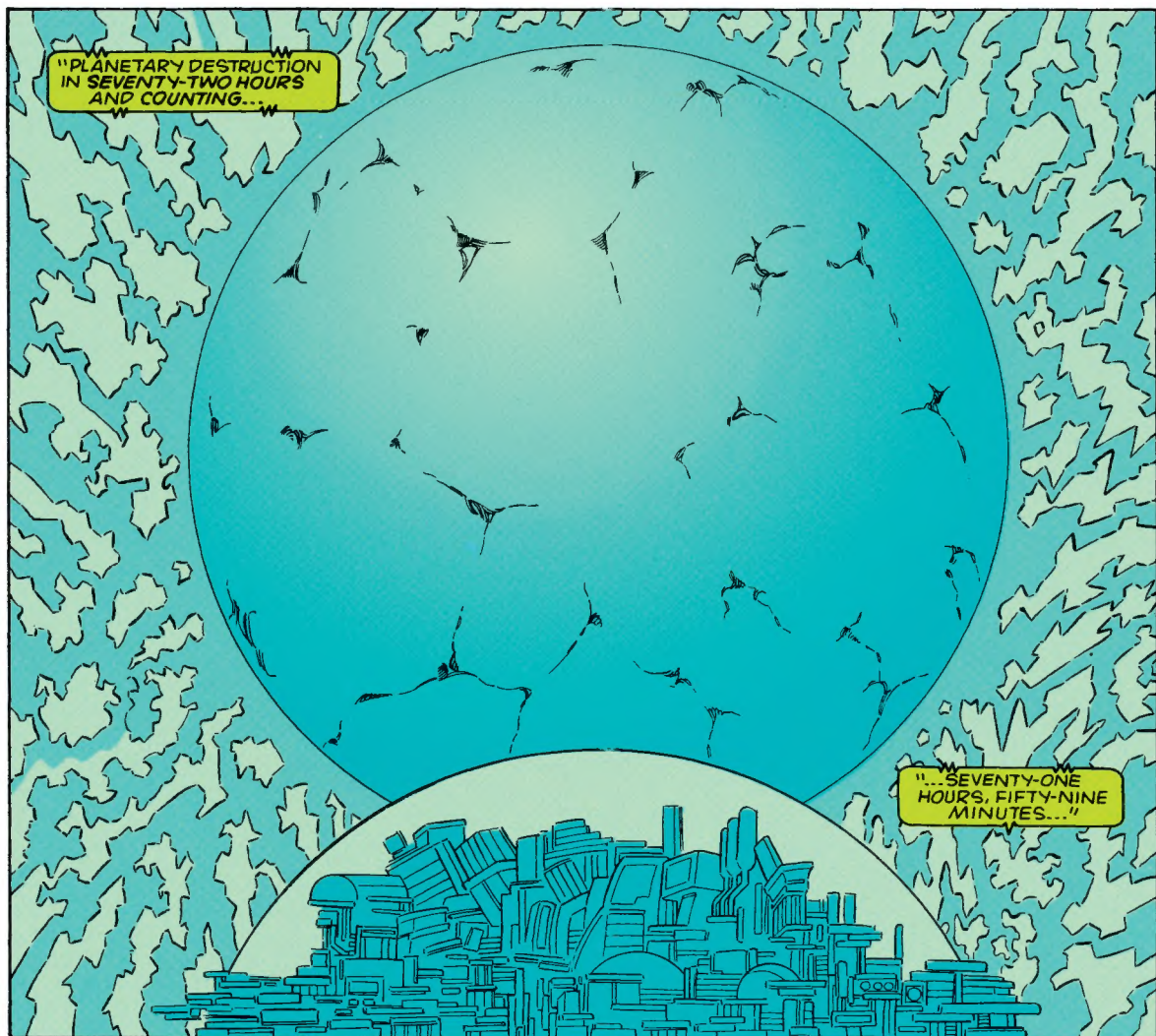
--AND WE MAKE IT
THROUGH THE RIFT
WITH A PLANET
ON OUR BACKS--





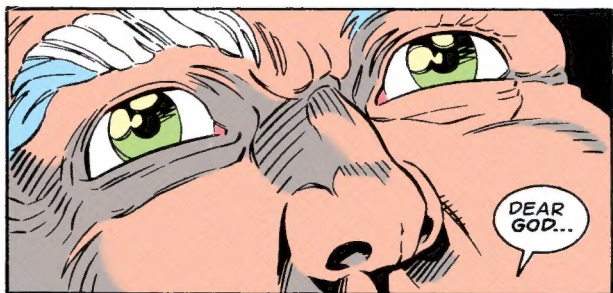




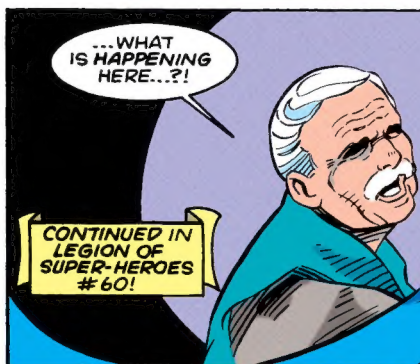


"PLANETARY DESTRUCTION
IN SEVENTY-TWO HOURS
AND COUNTING..."

"...SEVENTY-ONE
HOURS, FIFTY-NINE
MINUTES..."



DEAR
GOD...



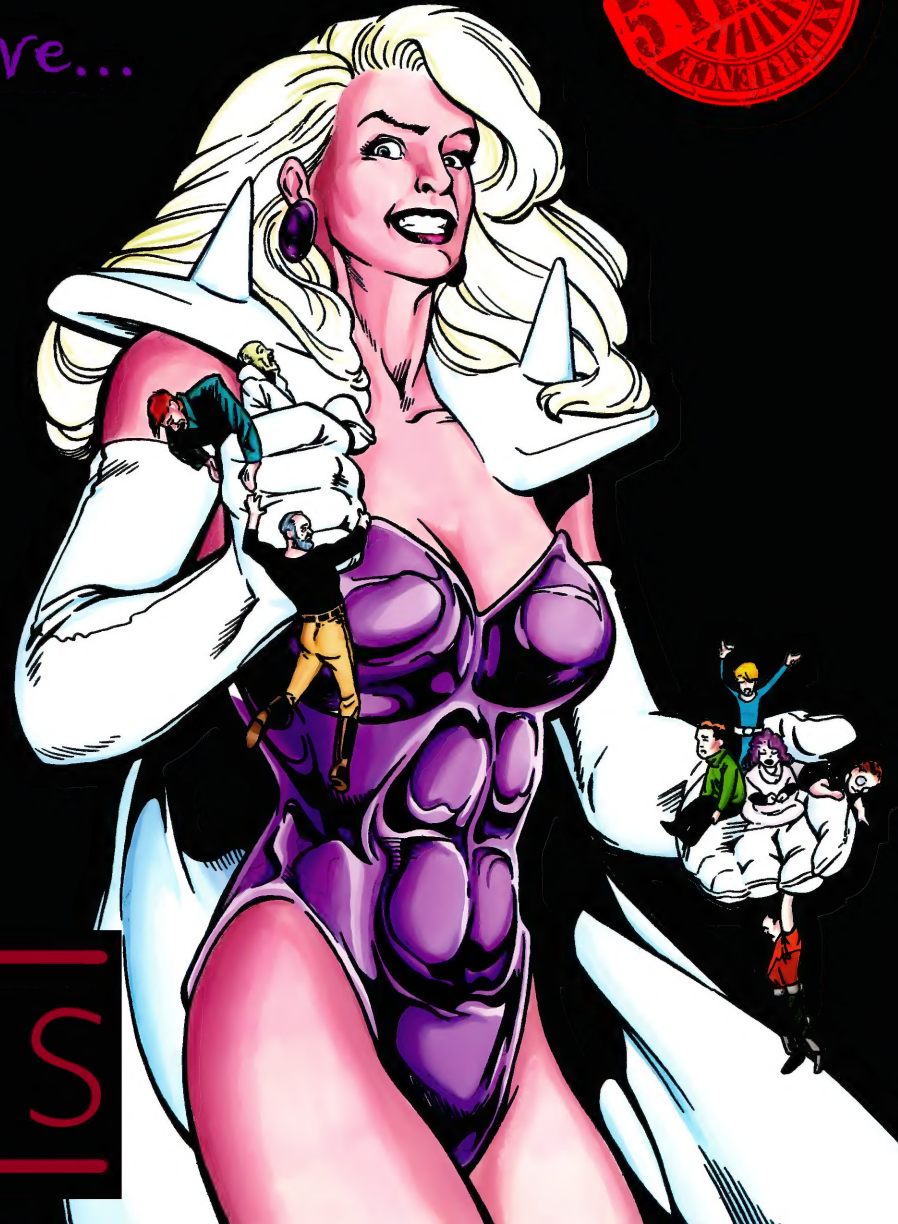
...WHAT
IS HAPPENING
HERE...?!

CONTINUED IN
LEGION OF
SUPER-HEROES
#60!



NEXT MONTH: A COSMIC SHOWDOWN OF INFINITE
PROPORTIONS, A VERY SPECIAL GUEST STAR, AND
THE BEGINNING (MIDDLE?) OF THE "END OF ANIERA!"

From Baaldur, with love...



GLORITH

NOVUS